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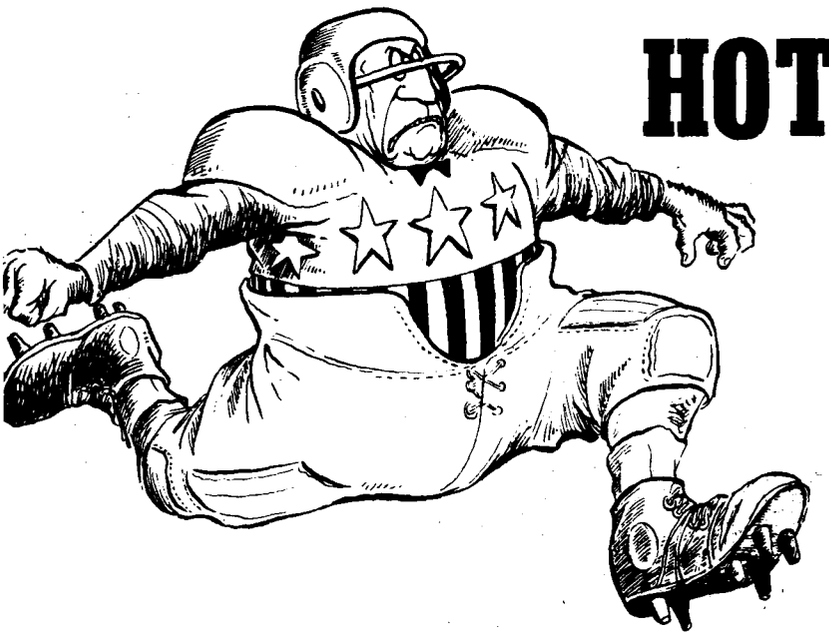

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NEWS & VIEWS

High Court and Religion

Supreme Court watchers are beginning to wonder how it is that a Nixon-packed Court can produce juridical bonanzas for Mr. Nixon in the shaping of decisions on criminal and constitutional law, but disappoint him repeatedly on issues reaching into the realm of religion, particularly as these concern Catholicism.

Inducing the wonderment particularly are the Court's decisions on aid to parochial schools and on abortion, in which the Court has dramatically reversed its swing towards conservatism and produced rulings favored generally by liberals. (These would be the 1971 decisions refusing salary subsidies to parochial-school teachers, and disallowing reimbursement to parochial schools for teaching secular subjects; and the more recent 7-to-2 decision that blew away most anti-abortion laws. In all instances, President Nixon stood shoulder to shoulder with Catholic officials on what proved to be the losing side.)

In a search for explanations for the Court's paradoxical voting record in the area of religion, *Washington Monthly* has come up with the suggestion that Chief Justice Warren Burger, that stolid Midwest Protestant, is guilty of anti-Catholicism. *WM*'s editor Charles Peters cites for evidence Burger's reasoning in upholding federal and construction grants for sectarian colleges and universities, while striking down state aid for primary and secondary Catholic schools.

Washington Post staffer John P. MacKenzie records the charge leveled in *Washington Monthly*, but does not credit it. MacKenzie conceded that in the school-aid decisions Burger "did display a widespread Protestant article of faith by his wariness of Catholic propensities toward 'indoctrination.'" At the same time, however, he noted that the Court vote was 8-to-1, a decisive margin to say the least, and that no one was accusing the other seven in the majority of anti-Catholicism.

Turning then to the abortion ruling—which was written by Burger's long-time colleague, Justice Harry A. Blackmun—MacKenzie contended that if there was a bias in the decision "it may have been more pro-medicine than anti-Catholic." He notes that Blackmun, like Burger, was for years associated with the Mayo Foundation, and that since joining the Supreme Court three years ago, he has displayed a keen interest in the right of doctors to practice their profession.

In dismantling the anti-Catholic theory, MacKenzie disclosed an interesting tactic of church counsel in pressing the case for school aid before the Supreme Court. Church counsel, he remarked, is "going so far as to say that the High Court had misled religious organizations into believing it had flashed a green light for state aid."

He then recounted Harrisburg attorney William B. Ball's appearance before the Supreme Court the morning after election day, when, in a case not adjudicated as of this writing [Feb. 13], Ball urged the Court not to apply the Burger school-aid ruling retroactively and thus block payments under contracts previously signed with church schools. These contracts had been made in good faith, Ball argued, and in reliance on the trend of previous Supreme Court decisions approving state loans of textbooks and upholding property-tax exemptions for churches. *Post* writer John MacKenzie continues:

"Justice Brennan, the Court's only Catholic member, who has voted both for and against church positions, was quick to reply. 'At least some opinions' in the property-tax case 'suggested that there might be a distinction between subsidy situations and tax exemptions,' he said. And Chief Justice Burger, author of the Court's opinion in the tax case, promptly asked, 'Isn't it fair to say that the Court's opinion' also had 'indicated some doubt—at least doubt about direct subsidy?'

"Perhaps, said Ball, but church schools 'on balance' had concluded that the Court had shown willingness to permit public funds for non-religious school functions. 'We were encouraged also' by the dissent of Justice William O. Douglas, Ball added. In the property-tax case, he said, Douglas 'all but predicted that the decision would lead directly to support of aid to nonpublic schools.'

"'That was a dissent,' Brennan sharply reminded the lawyer.

"'That indeed was a dissent,' Ball said, 'but a very authoritative dissent, if I may say so.'

"'I'm sure of that,' quipped Brennan. Douglas, as usual during oral arguments, said nothing."

MacKenzie wound up his *Washington Post* piece with a discussion of tax credits, and maintained that in many ways they represent "the last frontier" for church schools, "because they appear much more indirect than such other forms of religious aid as the stricken teacher-salary supplements."

MacKenzie concluded that "if tax credits fail to pass muster under the First Amendment, experts question what else will survive" in the way of aid to non-public schools.

Emphases in Italy

Twelve Italian Catholic journals, known for their critical stance towards forms of power in capitalist society as well as towards church structures, organized recently in Florence.

Ten of the 12 have circulations of less than 10,000, but they comprise an intellectual elite—in fact, have been so since before the Council ("Prophets of the Christian renewal," they are termed by the French publication *Informations Catholiques Internationales.*)

The group includes journals such as *Testimonianze* (Florence), *Il Gallo* (Genoa), *La Rocca* (Assisi), *Il Regno* (Bologna) and *Il Tetto* (Naples).

In the past, these journals have pressed such questions as the need for poverty in the church, dialogue with Marxists, freedom of political choice for Catholics, etc.

Some clue as to their future concerns may be seen in their conference's concluding document "on the need to relate to political and trade-union structures and to the peasant movement, all of which use the Marxist analysis of the class struggle as a vehicle for understanding and projecting history." The document finds this emphasis "consistent with the Gospel, which proclaims the liberation of the poor."

Odds and Ends

—Facts to keep in mind when reflecting on Chilean antipathy towards the U.S.: between 1950 and 1967, the net investment which flowed into Chile was $257 million —the outflow of profits and dividends was $1 billion; also, as of 1970, one-third of the Chilean national tax-income was needed to service its foreign debt.

—*Parade*, the Sunday-supplement magazine, parades away with this week's Vantage Point Award with its identification of Wisconsin's controversial Dr. Alfred Keenan as one who "has performed 10,000 abortions in two years without loss of a single life."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Forgiving Pound

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: H. D. Rix's purpose in quarreling with my remarks on Ezra Pound eludes me [Correspondence, Feb. 9]. His sophisticated discussion of paranoia may improve upon my own naive designation of Pound's condition as "crazy," but it supports rather than contradicts my position, which asked, simply, whether we might not choose to remember the artist and discard the fascist. That was clearly what I meant by "forgiveness," which I was advocating in the face of a number of committed unforgivers, whom I named. Mr. Rix's analogy of the cancer patient is clever but irrelevant. Furthermore, Mr. Rix's own willingness to divorce Pound's insane ravings from moral responsibility would appear to strengthen my argument that those ravings should not interfere with our view of his real accomplishments.

About one matter, however, Mr. Rix is wrong: as an anti-Semite, Ezra Pound was no late bloomer, who "lapsed into an ancient cliché" in middle age and "transferred his pathological hostility" from bankers to Jews. Rather the opposite, if anything. In later editions of *Personae* a line from the poem "Salutation the Third" reads "Let us be done with pandars [sic] and jobbery," but when the poem was first published the line went "Let us be done with Jews and jobbery." That was in 1914 when Pound was twenty-nine.

MARK TAYLOR

Church Art

Danvers, Mass.

To the Editors: I was pleased by the generally complimentary review of my book *Tired Dragons: Adapting Church Architecture to Changing Needs* by Maurice Lavanoux [Dec. 22]. I do feel, however, in one area Mr. Lavanoux completely misinterpreted the book. Every writer expects reviewers to read

(Continued on page 506)

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HIJACKING AND JUSTICE

The agreement between the United States and Cuba aimed at curbing the hijacking of planes and ships is important, particularly for the United States, which has had to cope with more than 100 attempts to divert aircraft to that neighboring island over the past few years. The shutting off of Cuba as a haven for hijackers means that there is no more easy escape place for pirates of the sky. This should discourage the adventurous business of hijacking and at the same time diminish appreciably the odds of one of these hijackings' ending in a major tragedy. A tragedy could still occur, of course, just as hijacking itself is likely to go on as a phenomenon of the times. But the rarer these become, the lesser are the chances of a disaster. In that sense, the U.S.-Cuban pact is welcome. One only hopes that in bargaining for this, all opportunities have not also been bargained away for Cubans, who, making a free choice about their lives, elect to use the sea to get to Florida. This is a detail not yet clear.

As important as the anti-hijacking pact is, however, it should be only the first step in the normalization of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Full normalization will not come easily, nor is it likely to come speedily, a fact virtually assured by the Nixon Administration's insistence that it does not seek a broader improvement of relations beyond the anti-hijacking agreement. But justice among nations dictates that normalization should come, and the sooner it does, the better for all parties. Cuba has not been blameless by any means in its dealings with the United States, but for the U.S. to react by playing the bully towards Cuba year upon year is to demean itself in the international community.

The U.S. squeeze on Cuba goes back 13 years—to 1960, when it first cut back on the Cuban sugar quota and then launched its trade embargo, an embargo which, with pressure, it was able to sell for most of those years to all but one member of the Organization of American States. The result has been the infliction of serious economic and humanitarian hardships on Cuba, through the intellectual and cultural isolation of Cubans from much of the world, and through the creation of such shortages as medical supplies, machinery, petroleum, food and clothing. What this has accomplished by way of benefit to U.S. political policy is mysterious. The government of Premier Fidel Castro did not topple, as was hoped; if anything, the Cuban people are more solidly united behind him than ever—and more solidly

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anti-American in the process. Indeed, the most notable effect of the embargo has been the negative one (from the U.S. viewpoint) of pushing Cuba into closer ties with Russia. Cuban trade with Russia grew 100 percent between 1964 and 1970 alone.

The paradoxical element in the lingering policy of hostility towards Cuba is that the reasons supporting U.S. policy, however exaggerated in their conception, are now almost completely undercut. The Russian missiles are long gone, and there is no further talk around Washington of Cuba's colluding with militarists of the Soviet Union.

Nor is there much allegation any more that Castro is "exporting revolution." The State Department itself conceded in 1971 that "it is fair to say" that since 1968 there has been a "falling off in the material support which Cuba provided to subversive movements in other countries." Cuban policy has evolved, but not U.S. policy —at least not if President Nixon is to be taken literally that "there will be no change, no change whatever, in our policy toward Cuba unless and until . . . Castro changes his policy toward Latin America and the United States." Nixon's gratuitous aside of "not anticipat[ing] this will happen," prompted the *Washington Post* to conclude that Nixon "wants Fidel to come to him on hands and knees." If the newspaper's assessment is accurate, U.S. mistakes are only being compounded.

There is much to correct on the American side in order for fairness to be done Cuba. There should be a repeal, for instance, of Public Law 87-733, which holds the threat of the use of arms over the head of the Cuban government; a review of the U.S. military presence at Guantanamo; a lifting of the travel ban. But of first urgency is the dismantling of the trade embargo, an immorality whose effects are largely to penalize the poor, the sick, the aged and the very young.

The word "immorality" is not used lightly. Religious groups have been stressing the immorality of the American action, at least since 1969 when the Cuban bishops in a collective pastoral identified the embargo as a "blockade" and termed its lifting a matter of "conscience" for concerned people. It is a less spectacular immorality, perhaps, than the Vietnam war was, but it deserves no less concern on that account.

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FROM CHILE

BATTLE OF THE BALLOT BOX

A fierce class struggle is going on in Chile with the lower classes pitted against the upper and middle classes. Political parties are serving as the armies and the ballot box is the battlefield. The immediate objective is the congressional elections of March 4 which will determine the fate of the Marxist government of President Salvador Allende.

At stake are all 150 seats in the House of Deputies and half of the 50 Senate seats. Allende, who was democratically elected in 1970, needs to wrest congressional control from the opposition if he is to carry out his plan to legislate the country into socialism. Allende inherited a hostile congress, and the March election will be the only opportunity to alter the situation. If the opposition retains its simple majority, Allende, who is constitutionally barred from succeeding himself, becomes a lame-duck for the remainder of his six-year term.

The aim of the opposition, a united front of moderate to rightist parties, is to gain a two-thirds majority in the Senate. With such a majority, the opposition can constitutionally vote Allende out of office. The chances of the opposition's accomplishing this are slim, as are the possibilities that Allende will gain a majority. Allende is a minority President, winning with only 36.2 percent of the vote in a three-man race. It is unlikely that his electoral support has jumped to over 50 percent. The likely prediction is that Allende will increase his congressional strength, but fall short of a majority.

However, both sides are fighting a winner-take-all battle giving Chile the unique experience of working out a Marxist class struggle within the framework of a political democracy. The parties vying for power are clearly aligned to class interests. Allende's support comes basically from the poor and working classes who have benefited from agrarian reform, increased worker participation in management and wage increases aimed at offsetting Chile's galloping inflation (over 140 percent in 1972). The result has been a redistribution of economic power favoring the lower classes.

Politically, Allende's support is channeled through *Unidad Popular* (Popular Unity), a coalition of Marxist and non-Marxist leftist groups including several of Christian inspiration. The opposition parties have also formed a coalition. The main members are the Christian Democrats and the Nationalists. The moderate Christian Democrats appeal to the middle class; the rightist Nationalists draw strength from the upper class.

The political parties' emphasis on defending class interests is evident from reading Santiago's blatantly partisan newspapers. The partisanship is as didactic in the news columns as in the editorial page. UP (*Unidad Popular*) publications blame scarcities of basic foods and household items on hoarding by government op-

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ponents who are making huge profits by selling the goods on the more lucrative black market. UP dailies fill their pages with photos of captured hoarded goods. They exhort the lower classes to strengthen their neighborhood organizations such as the Committees on Food and Price Control (JAP). These committees, which are UP-supported but not governmental, watch stores to insure that the merchandise is sold at the government-authorized price and to discover hoarding.

The Christian Democratic press constantly reminds the middle class that they have to wait in long lines now to buy basic items. (Waiting in line is not a burden for the lower classes now that they now have enough money to buy more items). Scarcities are blamed on production losses because of government mismanagement and the turning over of farms and factories to workers. The high rate of inflation is constantly emphasized as proof of government economic inefficiency. These strike a basic fear in the middle class. The dream of enjoying the consumer society is shattered by having to wait in lines while the value of the money seems to evaporate minute by minute.

The rightist press plays upon the anti-Communist fears of the upper class by referring to the Allende government as the "dictatorship." It recalls the past when private property was sacrosanct and the rich could eat as much beef as their stomachs could hold. (Beef—traditional status symbol food of the upper class—is hard to get even on the black market.)

The subliminal message of the opposition is clear: the middle and upper classes are losing ground while the lower class is gaining. This, plus the UP's championing of the lower class, has served to polarize sharply the population in a nation already highly politicized. These increased political passions explain the many pro- and anti-government demonstrations that have taken place since Allende took office.

The opposition has used the anti-government demonstrations to raise the specter of a military coup unless Allende alters his plans for constructing a socialist society. However, coup talk sounds unrealistic in Chile, where the people are proud of their democratic tradition. In coup-ridden Latin America, Chile has had democratically-elected governments for the past 40 years.

Allende also stole the thunder from the opposition by appointing the three high commanders of the army, navy and air force to key ministerial posts last November during a series of nationwide anti-government strikes. This punctuated the military's earlier stated position that it will defend the legally constituted government. As one observer put it: "When Chileans get angry, they rise up and vote." This is what will happen March 4, as Chile continues the drama of its unique class struggle.

AGOSTINO BONO

(Agostino Bono, a previous contributor, is an editor for Latinamerican Press, Lima, Peru.)

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CICOP'S BIRTHDAY

AGE: 'VENERABLE'; FUTURE: 'UNCERTAIN'

In the American Catholic Church where a decade counts for at least one era, perhaps two, CICOP is one of its most venerable institutions. It's not just the longest-surviving officially-sponsored annual social action conference on the continent; it's the only one. And its future—where have we heard this before?—is uncertain.

Celebrating its tenth birthday late last month in the improbable city of Dallas, the Catholic Inter-American Cooperative Program (CICOP) managed to exhibit both tired blood and a vigor that should carry it through another ten years. The tired blood, or what used to be called pusillanimity and some today think of as prudence, was symbolized by the choice of Dallas, known to Latin Americans chiefly as the city where hopes for an enlightened U.S. foreign policy were shot down, one November afternoon, and to gringos as Birchville writ large. Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, New York and Washington, sites of the previous nine CICOPs, abound in the potential "trouble-makers" who started flocking to CICOP in recent years—the remnants of the Catholic left, anti-war activists who talked about avoiding Vietnames in Latin America, radical Latin Americanists from the universities, even street people. Dallas seemed safe.

Even safer-seeming was an initial program elaborated by a planning committee consisting of no fewer than three Chileans, all Christian Democrats. (Four other Latin countries, including host Panama, were represented by just one member.) The Demo-Christian slant was further suggested by the choice of keynote speaker, Radomiro Tomic, the PDC standard-bearer, defeated by Allende in 1970. Although a socialist and the leader of his party's left wing, which automatically puts him to the left of *any* U.S. Congressman, he is still the sign of opposition to Allende's Unidad Popular—and it is the UP, not the "Momios" (mummies) of the PDC with which many socially-conscious Christians in Chile, including foreign missionaries, have been identifying.

There were other exercises in prophylaxis:

• A theme broad enough ("Poverty, Environment and Power: Issues of Justice in the Americas") that

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three days of discussing global injustices could have been spent without a finger getting pointed, much less wagged;

- Name-brand liberals as principal speakers (Enrique Iglesias, Hernan Santa Cruz, Barbara Ward);
- A traditional-looking format—main talk, followed by panel, followed by workshops—which contrasted sharply with the more innovative if not totally successful designs of recent CICOPs;
- An attempt to bring in bishops, businessmen and bureaucrats of the federal establishment so vigorous that it probably amounted to a meritorious act of supererogation. It failed, alas, but proved (if proof were needed) that those who most criticize the critics of such capers as ITT's attempt to subvert the Chilean elections are neither serious nor honest in their calls for "dialogue," open debate, balanced discussion.

Criticism from all three quarters had led to an agreement that CICOP should cool it, at least for '73. Businessmen complained that CICOP was anti-business, that it had become "an anti-capitalist rally" instead of a balanced forum. Government types let it be known that the Catholic Church was not helping itself domestically by sponsoring programs where no one had anything good to say about U.S. foreign policy. If you're serious about school aid, they seemed to be saying, stop being so critical of Public Safety programs in Uruguay, Green Berets in Guatemala, the CIA in Bolivia or any of the other *bestias negras* of the Left.

And bishops were hearing also from some of their Latin brothers about the misplaced prominence CICOP was giving to the theologians of liberation or the movements of contestation within the church. Dom Helder Camara, no less than Camilo Torres, they protested, was but an aberration, not a sign of the future.

Well, the 400 moderates who did come to Dallas left convinced they had seen the future—and that it just might work. It was a future in which all the apocalyptic images portrayed and heatedly contested in previous CICOP's were still around—militarism, neo-colonialism, cultural imperialism, counter-insurgency, torture and genocide—but were now met with a calm, forceful resolve to do something about them. The calm would have been eerie or at least suggestive that the point had somehow been missed had not an elaborate structure of work-group reports, recommendations and resolutions for action demonstrated that the participants knew perfectly well what they were talking about.

And when up to four-fifths of them signed resolutions (not raised their hands) demanding an end to the Cuban embargo, endorsing the lettuce boycott, supporting Senator Church's subcommittee hearings on the multinational corporations, or affirming the absolute right of Latin nations to determine "whatever socialistic forms they may choose to transform their present situations," they were treating issues they themselves had proposed and discussed. The CICOP organizers simply provided a richly-laden groaning board of facts, ideas and analyses, of which the participants partook according to their taste. That their tastes proved remarkedly similar and far more discriminating than is usually supposed forced some seasoned pessimists to revise their forecast. The future, if Dallas is any index, has already begun to work.

That's the good news part. The bad news is that the struggle for justice and liberation in Latin America, despite isolated advances, is getting tougher all the time. As the '60s were a decade of disappointment for Latin America, said Bishop Samuel Ruiz Garcia, so the '70s are being shaped "into 10 years of crisis." In an absolutely brilliant and devastating review of Christian responses to the dominant realities of the hemisphere as laid out by the previous speakers, this successor to the see of Bartolome de las Casas warned that everywhere "the prophetic fire of Medellin is being extinguished" and that for the true revolutionaries, Christians who have chosen the pathway of liberation, "the cross lies in wait because of ever more effective repression from the mercenaries of the empire."

How effective the empire itself has become was the equally devastating counterpoint provided by economist Ronald Muller's exposé of the multinational's. Using data from his and Richard Barnet's forthcoming *The Earth Managers,* Muller did the portrait of the MNC as a young juggernaut, already more powerful, ubiquitous and omnivorous than anything seen since the glaciers receded. But all is not lost; Frank Church is cranking up his hearings and they could well spark a revolt of the taxpayer whose IRS is being monumentally shortchanged by deceptive reporting of profits earned. And then there are the 400.

They didn't begin in Dallas. They began in the old ice-bound Edgewater Beach in Chicago a millennium (or decade) ago when the prostrate patient Latin America was laid on the table, Uruguay distinguished from Paraguay, Aztec from Incan, Spanish from Portuguese, Illich from everyone else, and the new messiah from the North contemplated how best to apply its 10 percent effort to "save" this newly-discovered third of Christ's body.

They veered sharply exactly at mid-point, right after the 1968 Medellin meeting, that most fateful assembly of Christians, and they discovered at last two truths to which CICOP has continued to bear witness— that "we" (with our money, marines and movies, our arrogance and our power) are an ever-increasing part of the problem and that "they" (with their theology, their Vietnamese-like perseverance and patience, their bulging martyrology) may yet save us.

After the next ten years of CICOP someone should strike a commemorative medal. THOMAS E. QUIGLEY

(Thomas E. Quigley of Washington, D.C., has been associated with CICOP for a number of years.)

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HOT SPORTING BLOOD

JOHN P. SISK

All sports and games have a potential for fanaticism

When Tom Meschery, former pro basketball player and coach, contended in a recent issue of *Sports Illustrated* that there is a disease in sports now, he was concerned with the domestic scene and particularly with basketball, but I suspect that many of his readers, with the Olympics still fresh in their minds, read him in a much wider context. After Munich it was easy to believe that there was a disease in sports everywhere, not just in the United States, and that the inevitable result was what *Life* called the Haywire Olympics. No doubt this sense of something radically wrong, even of a sickness unto death, was heightened by the murderous violation of the Olympic sanctuary, and by the fact that television was there to incorporate that violation into everyone's consciousness of the Games. Here was most dismaying support for those who had argued all along that the Games were suffering from terminal politicization.

Subsequently and inevitably a great deal was made of the fanaticism of the Black September terrorists, not only because to the media fanaticism is one of the most newsworthy of subjects but because fanaticism seemed such an utter violation of the holy peace of the Olympics. However, the Olympics have their own kind of fanaticism, as the American marathon runner Kenny Moore pointed out. "For two weeks every four years," he told a *Sports Illustrated* reporter, "we direct our kind of fanaticism into the essentially absurd activities of running and swimming and being beautiful on a balance beam." Indeed, all sports and games have a potential for fanaticism that the protectors of the spirit of the Olympics seem too little aware of. The Olympic ideal, with its emphasis on world brotherhood and sportsmanship and the capacity of sport to break down barriers of language, ideology, creed and race, fosters the belief that if sport were sufficiently purified it could hardly be fanatic and would in fact be a major civilizing force. This is a questionable piety. There is good reason to believe that sports and games less their fanatic potential would no longer be sports and games.

J. Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* helps us to see why this is the case. Play is a "free activity standing quite consciously outside 'ordinary' life"; it is a contest, an *agon,* the rules of which are freely accepted as the conditions of pleasure; it is intense and competitive, "a testing of the player's prowess" in a highly organized and generally ritualized special universe which may nevertheless have important cultural consequences; it is animated by "the impulse to create orderly form"; it is *for* something, for the prize: "the main thing is to have won"; it absorbs the player (or spectator) "intensely and utterly." Play can be fateful and bloody; Huizinga will not even rule violence to the point of death out of the play area: in the ancient Olympics "there were duels fought to the death." The Vince Lombardi who is the central figure of Jerry Kramer's *Instant Replay* may not have read Huizinga but he would have understood and agreed with most of this; Tom Meschery is enough of a moral crusader to have a few problems with it; the ex-linebacker Dave Meggyesy of *Out of Their League* would find much of it unacceptable, for reasons that are no doubt connected with his decision to abandon the St. Louis Cardinals for a counter-culture commune.

To be absorbed intensely and utterly in a world out of the world in which a satisfactory form of self-transcendence is possible: both the fanaticism and asceticism

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of the athlete come from this. If the athlete, the game player, is to experience the exhilaration of prize-winning he must train: punish his body, deny its appetites, delay its satisfactions, if only in the end to refine it as an achieving and experiencing instrument. He must be a martyr in will, as the church historian W.H.C. Frend tells us the early monastics aspired to be in order not to miss the glory of the martyrs in blood. "The monk, like the martyr," Frend says in *Martyrdom and Persecution in the Early Church,* "was the 'athlete' and 'soldier of Christ.' " Helen Waddell writes in *The Desert Fathers* that "asceticism had not traveled far from the *ascesis,* the training of the athlete, and the Fathers themselves to their contemporary biographers are the *athletae Dei,* the athletes of God." For the Fathers, Miss Waddell emphasizes, austerity was not an end in itself, however it was cultivated; as with the worldly athlete, the *ascesis* was ordered to the prize, and she quotes Dorotheus the Theban's ancient formula: "I kill my body, for it kills me." To the Fathers the killing of the body meant the liberation of the spirit for holy living and holy dying; to the Greek Olympic athlete, whose arduous regimen was ten months long, it meant if he won an olive wreath, triumphant return home and possibly celebration by Pindar; to the Green Bay Packers, Lombardi's ascetics, it meant two Super Bowls.

Frend's juxtaposition of athlete and soldier is significant. The soldier too has his *ascesis;* not only does he kill his body in order to win the prize, but there is a pronounced and game-like element in military life and operations, more often than not "solemn and pompous," as Huizinga says of medieval chivalry. Armies make so much of sports and games not simply to defuse potentially dangerous libidinal energies, and not simply because young men like sports and games, but because athletics are important model-situations for the kind of organized all-out effort that armies depend on. One ought not to forget that the winner of the first marathon, Phidippides, was a military messenger. Hence that contamination of sports by military terminology that is so clearly a sign of the corruption of athletics to a sports puritan like Meggyesy. What Meggyesy condemns, and what he represents himself as finally saved from, is his own warlike and fanatic commitment to football.

Sport is a model too for the *ascesis* and total self-transcending commitment that characterizes the "games" of revolutionaries: of the I.R.A., the Black Panthers, the Minutemen and the Weathermen. The late Yukio Mishima—world-renowned novelist, body-killing athlete and charismatic leader of the Tatenokai in its futile attempt to seize the Japanese government—is one of the most striking recent examples, bringing together as he did the *ascesis* of soldier, athlete and artist. Such people are playing for keeps in a special and ritualized universe with game-excitement. There is a frightful appropriateness in the fact that the Black September Arabs disguised themselves as athletes and staged their intensely competitive operation virtually on the Olympic playing field. They both mock and bear out Huizinga: "To dare, to take risks, to bear uncertainty, to endure tension—these are the essence of the play spirit." But it is the game potential in such operations that so often corrupts them as successful political events: they tend to absorb the players in exhilarating actions that make complete sense in themselves and need no justifying reference to the impure outside world. Thus revolutionary terrorism can be for itself the way post-romantic art has so often been.

The artist no less than the revolutionary has always tended to be an athlete whose *ascesis* is ordered to a prize: the making of that which will stand complete in itself against time. However, his athleticism has been more pronounced since romanticism established the ideal of the artist's autonomy in a world out of the world that absorbed him intensely and utterly. Giants like Beethoven, Thoreau, Flaubert, Gauguin, James, Joyce and Proust are at once the Desert Fathers and super-athletes of modern art whose power, like the power of the super-athletes of the gridiron, depends on their ability to resist almost irresistible impulses to break training—often in circumstances where they are nagged by the fear that if they do not break training they will have no subject. Modern literature has a high fanatic potential which the reader experiences as an effort to enclose him within a magic circle from which everything else has been excluded, so that the effect is that of a triumphant homecoming game the exhilaration of which time will not diminish.

The Old Coach

It is not hard to see why old-style athletics fell out of favor during the sixties (although there was a good deal of sympathy for the athleticism of terrorists and guerrillas). In the age of Woodstock and Consciousness III a theory of games that advocated the killing of the body and the martyrdom of the will in the interest of the prize was not likely to turn on the young. Besides, the *ascesis* of sport in America has been involved with an uptight, puritan, acquisitive and aggressive past. According to the hallowed tradition, one did not play sports and games in order to win the prize, and certainly not for the sheer fun of it, but as a discipline ordered to worldly success. As Meggyesy before his conversion used to say in his inspirational talks to off-season audiences: "The competitiveness of football is excellent preparation for the competition of life." The field of play was a place of serious business, a school of character-building, in which the Old Coach was a harsh schoolmaster who never had any doubts about the adult sanction for his apparently childish activity. The Old Coach was the unrelenting disciplinarian with whom you had the kind of love-hate relationship that

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Jerry Kramer had with Lombardi, but when you returned to the Old School the Old Coach was the first man you wanted to see: because now you knew what he was all about.

Not surprisingly, by the late sixties the Old Coach began to see himself as the embattled defender of a collapsing orthodoxy. In his *Sports Illustrated* series "The Desperate Coach" (Fall, 1969), John Underwood gave us a good picture of the Old Coach's tribulations as the sensate world with its politics of liberation began to zero in on him. One could imagine him looking with despair from a locker room window onto a campus upon which to well-amplified rock music long-haired slender boys in patched Levis and long-haired slender girls in hot pants sailed frisbies at each other. Nothing was holding fast, especially not the center.

The Old Coach is still a symbolic figure, a counter-counter-culture hero, the defender of faith in an old America. This means that he is just the man you need if you want to dramatize the hollowness of that faith. Thus the high school coach in *The Last Picture Show* is the Old Coach in a state of disintegration: he fields teams of stumblebums, he is himself gross and undisciplined, he has lost faith in his ancient creed, he is a failure as a man and a husband. He is in fact the anti-Lombardi. He will inspire no Jerry Kramers but he will delight the Dave Meggyesys, for with his raunchiness he will clarify the bankruptcy of the whole enterprise—and especially its corruption by money.

As Tom Meschery sees it, "With all this emphasis on money, we are turning out dehumanized athletes, conditioning them early to strive only for those talents that will ultimately make them rich." Meggyesy agrees, but he is much more radical. Money corruption means that "You are property, and property isn't supposed to think." He recalls that sitting on the bench hot and sweaty after the 1964 Playoff Bowl victory over Green Bay he could think of nothing but the eight hundred dollars the win meant to him. The surest sign of his salvation was his capacity to turn down a $35,000 contract for the 1970 season in order to join forces "with those individuals and groups trying to change this society."

At the end of his book Meggyesy tells a sportswriter: "When society changes in the way I hope it will, football will be obsolete." This is clearly bad news for the Old Coach, but what may not be so clear is the philosophy of sports and games that it implies, since it leaves room for several. My own conviction is that Meggyesy, being an all-or-nothing sort of person, is taking his stand on a purist philosophy that reacts violently from, and is greatly determined by, the Old Coach and everything he stands for. From this position true play is pure play, spontaneous, uninhibited, unstructured, non-competitive, non-aggressive and therefore non-violent play for its own sake and not for a prize: the kind of activity that a rock band seems to be to an audience caught in its spell, or that childhood play seems to be to adults who have forgotten how fanatic their own childhood play once was.

In this view, sex easily becomes the consummation of the play spirit—ideally, a sex liberated from commitments that threaten to spoil it by ordering it to something outside itself. In fact, most of the counter-culture utopians—the Reichs (both Wilhelm and Charles), Marcuse, N. O. Brown, Timothy Leary and Shulamith Firestone, for example—envisage a state of affairs in which eros and the play spirit are released purely and finally as an unbeatable team. None of them has a place for the Old Coach. Huizinga would reject them for having failed to see what the game is all about. I think he would agree with Lewis Mumford that all utopias on record represent boring states of affairs, hardly congenial to the play spirit. And he would agree too, I think, with Prince Hal's pronouncement in *Henry IV, Part I* (a play about the interdependence of the pleasure and reality principles): "If all the year were playing holidays, / To sport would be as tedious as to work."

But Huizinga would also reject the Old Coach, and for many of the reasons that Meggyesy does: a philosophy that justifies play as a service activity for the serious workaday world not only devalues the play spirit but is bound to result in hypocrisy and corruption. On the other hand (and here he would part company with Meggyesy), any attempt to purify sport by separating from it the agonistic element that, among other things, is responsible for the prize-consciousness and fanaticism would be to end the game. From Huizinga's point of view, Meggyesy is a spoil-sport who is against cakes and ale because they make intemperance possible. Like Shakespeare's Malvolio, he wants to stop the play in order that virtue may prevail. This is the chief reason why you learn less about pro football from him, a real and very good linebacker, than from George Plimpton, who was only an artificial quarterback.

Nor, remembering the dim view he takes of modern national and international athletics, can I imagine Huizinga looking with favor on the Olympic dream of athletics as means to the noble end of world unity. This is not simply aiming too high, as if the Olympics were still the culture-enhancing play forms they were for the ancient Greeks; it is aiming in the wrong direction. If as a result of the Games some barriers are broken down temporarily and some tensions relaxed, one can thank God; but such a consequence can be nothing more than a by-product which comes, if it comes at all, automatically. To make it the prime justification for the Games is to make the Old Coach's mistake and to prepare, by way of the consequent hypocrisy, for the inevitable disillusionment.

Far better to face up to the fact that all play is for

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the prize, and that until we are huddled fraternally into the global village there will always be, for better or worse, two games: the one the individual player or team is playing and the one each nation is playing against competitor nations. There will therefore always be two prizes. The sportswriters who keep reminding us of the relative national standings may be violating the Olympic spirit and offending the ghost of Baron Pierre de Coubertine who started it all, but in an important way they are closer to the play spirit than scolds like *Life*'s Bill Bruns who are disgusted with the flag-waving and medal-counting.

If we recognize frankly that sport is intensely and utterly for the prize in a world out of the world we will be in a much better position to keep its fanatic potential from having undesirable consequences in either world. The freely accepted rules and the referees who enforce them are buffers against this potential, as are whatever "real world" values players and spectators bring to the game. The problem is that the buffering forces are so weak in our secular society in which sports and games must so often, like art and politics, substitute for religion. In such a world it is far too easy for them to fanaticize us or to be appropriated themselves in the interest of some "higher" fanaticism.

This is why a book like Hugo Rahner's *Man at Play* can be such a valuable adjunct to Huizinga. Rahner proposes as the informing virtue for his playful man the Aristotelian virtue of *eutrapelia*. The eutrapelos man is the happy mean between the frivolous man who is incapable of commitment and the humorless, zealous boor who is unaware of options or points of view other than the one he is fixed in. Both are game-spoilers, the first by refusing to give himself generously to the game and the pursuit of the prize within the established rules, the second by being unable to imagine any other commitment than the game so that he can offer no resistance to its fanatic potential. In the eutrapelos man there is always a protective detachment that keeps him from taking the game at its own evaluation: that is, as absolutely everything.

Since they are both fanatics, I suspect that neither Kramer's Lombardi nor Dave Meggyesy would be enthusiastic about eutrapelos man. To the former he would offer little hope of the Super Bowl and to the latter little hope of the world turned abruptly around. The Old Coach would see him as scandalously insensitive to the larger issues of the game—perhaps even as a frisbie player in disguise. Nor would the International Olympic Committee (which so often sounds like an ecumenical version of the Old Coach) see him as the material out of which their kind of future can be made. But if there are enough eutrapelos men at the Twenty-First Olympiad, such impulses toward world unity as are present may have a better chance to do their salvational work.

THE LIMITS OF CONFRONTATION

DOUGLASS McFERRAN

Report on a classroom experiment in race relations

Last year in *Commonweal* ("Black Con III," Mar. 10, '72) I described the emergence of a black value system that provided a ghetto counterpart to the "Consciousness Three" of Reich's *The Greening of America*. My own encounter with it was through the discussions in an experimental course in ethnic value systems conducted at Pierce College, a community college campus located in the white suburbs of Los Angeles. This present article is an attempt to explain what went wrong with the experiment.

In 1970 I persuaded my department chairman to let me attempt a course that would be a Philosopher's effort to explore the meanings of the differing cultural orientations of the students from the dominant (white) and minority (black and Chicano) groups on campus. My proposed outline for the course was routinely approved for inclusion in the catalogs of the Los Angeles Community Colleges, and a year later I began the first of the three semesters that I was to devote to the course. My own position as sponsor of the Black Student Union and a general reputation as the token radical of the campus allowed me to draw a fairly mixed group of students, and with them I started on a series of discussions centering on the examination of the "bad faith" of white bigots, white liberals, and self-denying members of minorities (a style of analysis based on Sartre's *Anti-Semite and Jew*) and leading, I hoped, to a reconsideration of the possibilities of cultural diversity in a poiltically united social order.

My own bias in the course, one which most of my students found themselves unwilling to accept, was to-

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wards the concept of a pluralist society that I had first learned as a Catholic seminarian studying Jacques Maritain. It was not that they did not agree it was a lovely idea; the difficulty was that the confrontation techniques which I employed in the class led most of them to appreciate that the costs of a pluralist society were higher than they were willing to pay.

In "Black Con III" I described Bob, a black ex-serviceman who was flirting with the Muslim movement while he attempted, with meager success, to stay in school and out of jail (the last time we met he was facing charges connected with an incident in which he had pummeled a white policeman). At the risk of appearing too round-about, I would like to describe some of the other personalities appearing in the space of three semesters. (The names, by the way, are fictitious, but the incidents are not.)

* * *

Ricardo, a Chicano activist, was sitting with a tiny Mexican flag atop his desk. When asked about it by one of the Anglos, he commented that it was a reminder that we were all in "occupied Mexico." No, he did not consider himself an American—at least, not in the sense that the idea of being American was understood by the Anglos in the class. Yes, he demanded his civil rights as a citizen of the United States, but he felt that the first of those rights had to be the maintenance of his Latin identity, including his kinship with his people separated by an historically unjust border.

In a discussion of Latin values, Linda, a young Chicana who was deeply involved in the activities of the campus organization for Mexican-American students, mentioned that she accepted for herself the definition of the woman's subordinate status involved in the value of *machismo*. An older, defiantly liberated white woman announced to her that this was wrong: in the United States she had no right to accept the idea of male supremacy, even if this had been deeply ingrained in her through her own upbringing. The same lady quickly pointed out that this was one of the dangers of acknowledging ethnic identity. Linda, if she wanted to live in this country, had to learn to see herself and everyone else as just persons with completely equal rights regardless of race—or sex.

Ray, a junior college All-American who had his choice of athletic scholarships to a number of major universities, patiently but firmly argued that his reason for being in the class was to expose white hypocrisy. He knew too well that, were it not for his ability as a football player, he would be just another "dumb nigger" in American society. The white students angrily challenged the manner in which Ray lumped all whites into the same category as racists. They weren't bigots, they insisted. No, he agreed, their problem was something deeper; they didn't even knew the black man well enough to hate him. He would prefer an honest hatred to deliberate blindness.

Bonnie, a white girl from one of the wealthiest sections of Los Angeles, admitted that she was attending Pierce because she was afraid to go near the black section of the city in which U.S.C. is located. Through an hour-long sensitivity session she explored her reasons for opposing programs such a bilingual instruction in schools attended by Chicanos. At the end of the course she reflected on her values and the changes they had undergone. At the beginning, she admitted, she had seen the sprinkling of blacks and Chicanos in the class but had not really paid attention to them as persons. Now, she realized, she did see them—but she was only confirmed in her previously unexpressed feeling that they were members of inferior groups. In an interesting aside, she suggested that, just as God had created women to serve under men, perhaps He had also made the minorities for white men to kick around.

Tom, a self-professed white radical who at the time was involved in the activities of a paramilitary group dedicated to effecting the second American Revolution, used another session to propose how blacks and browns could spearhead the attack on white society. Marvin, a usually quiet black who had briefed me in private on his connection with the Black Panthers, softly told him that he was crazy if he thought any black or Chicano was dumb enough to be a victim for some white man's idea of liberation.

In the oral exam with which I ended the course, a white longhair named Joe announced that he had at last found himself to be a bigot, but he had no intention of changing. I asked a couple of the blacks how they felt about this revelation. They indicated that they could respect it. Later, in my office, Joe told me that he was not sure that he meant what he said. He had spoken out of anger because of the pressure created by the litany of grievances heard day after day. What, he asked, was he supposed to say when it was pointed out to him that, because he was white, he was privileged in American society and also that, were America to become a truly pluralist society, he could risk the loss of this privileged status?

* * *

I could go on with these examples, but their point is, I think, clear enough. They are a confirmation of the observation once made by black psychiatrist Price Cobbs (co-author of *Black Rage*) that he had never met a white free of racism nor a black free of anger—and one might easily read "Chicano" in place of "black." This is the reality of the American situation that is not touched upon in the "brotherhood conferences" dear to liberal hearts, but it is a reality which, as I discovered, created the dilemma which made my course "relevant" yet impossible.

The key to the problem of race, as the report of the Kerner Commission first indicated in the wake of the Watts Rebellion, is not prejudice (a matter of attitude)

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but discrimination (a matter of behavior). "Institutional racism" involves the existence of a system in which the dominant group (white and Anglo) benefits from the continued subjection of various minorities. While this subjection is primarily economic, it is also cultural in that the norms for acceptance into American society are white and Anglo with the result that the black and the Chicano must remain perpetual outsiders in their own land.

The creation of a truly pluralist society would involve at the least the equalization of opportunity in voting, hiring, schooling, and housing. The vicious circle of bad schooling to bad jobs to bad housing to bad schooling cannot be broken without both enormous expenditures (at white expense) and the type of "reverse discrimination" brought into play in a special admissions policy for higher education, in preferential hiring, and in revamped zoning ordinances permitting low-income housing in formerly "safe" suburban areas. Whites denied college admission, a job, or isolation from contact with "undesirables' find themselves threatened, and blacks or Chicanos recognizing this have little choice except to turn from integration to separatism as the vehicle for ethnic survival.

For the sake of equality, in other words, various forms of inequality must be condoned. The old beneficiaries of three centuries of institutional racism become the newly deprived, but, even while they are being persuaded to accept this modification of their status, they are told by young blacks and Chicanos that even their most sincere gestures are of no significance. If there is not really enough to go round (the heart of the ethic of discrimination), then whatever there is must be seized by formidable new brotherhoods whose separatist identity has been shaped by a hatred of whatever is white and Anglo. Students used to the unthinking advantages of dominant status were being told that their time was up: the sins of the fathers had at last caught up with the children. "We're *tired* of waiting, man." It was only to be expected that at the least they would feel frustrated and at the most be seething with an anger that could only confirm them in a cynical acceptance of their own racism.

Was it really too late? None of the minority students that I knew was completely willing to accept this, but few whites were able to recognize the hyperbole of ghetto or barrio rhetoric for just what it is. Black jiving, for example, was as alien to them as the pious, forward-looking theorizing of white academics was to the ghetto black. But at the same time there were the "benign neglect" of the Nixon Administration, the diversion of white interests from the immediate question of racism to the humanly more remote problems of the ecology, and the sorry spectacle of minority-oriented programs working finally to the advantage of the same whites who had already benefited from discrimination. Granted, I felt future rebellion less likely than the muddling-through that has come to characterize American history, but I also found myself ranking genuine progress as less likely than rebellion.

Reluctantly, I discontinued the course, although it remains in the catalog for any of my colleagues hardy enough to attempt it. The principal difficulty was ensuring a mix of students capable of bringing into the open the conflicts of dominant and minority value systems. But, even given a good mix of students, I could not help feeling that blacks and Chicanos were being turned into human guinea pigs asked to bare their emotions before a basically unresponsive white audience. Moreover, I saw that white students, used to being given pat solutions in their other college classes, could not relate easily to the relatively unstructured situation in which the only answers to the problem of institutional racism would have to come through a kind of conversion experience no less intense than that sought by the fervent revivalist. What I was hoping for from staged confrontation was a new generation of Saul Alinskys; what I was getting was Bonnie and Tom and Joe. In five months' time, with only three hours a week to work with, this perhaps was only to be expected.

Bayard Rustin, a man who has earned his credentials as a black spokesman, has emphatically rejected the concept of ethnic studies programs as promoting a separatism not in the best interest of American minorities.

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I disagree, mostly because I have come to know a number of black and Chicano students who have benefited enormously from the psychological uplift of having their identity reinforced in a separatist setting. I disagree also because of my own experience in conducting the kind of course in which not just the myth of "the melting pot" but the idea of the pluralist society itself has been put to the severest possible test. The ideal of the course —a group collaboration in discovering how to make a pluralist society work—was systematically demolished by white indifference and the unrepressed rage of the minorities who came to see this indifference close up. My only counsel to my minority students was to get it together for themselves. This, I learned, was what they had already realized.

Is there any advantage at all to systematic confrontation? Not if it is just an exercise in "radical chic," or if, as happened in my own course, it becomes a type of sensitivity session that leaves its participants feeling purged but unreformed. It is, I think, completely legitimate when it fits into the training of individuals who will work at the interface of distinct cultural groups.

There is, again, a dilemma in this. For whites, unless "converted" through one or another confrontation experience, will even recognize that the demise of pluralism becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. The solution to the problem of institutional racism—if there is indeed a solution apart from the separatism advocated by black and Chicano nationalists—must come from those who perpetuate it. At the same time, there is little reason to suppose that awakening guilt feelings in otherwise comfortable middle-class whites will itself accomplish anything. But unless there is some such awakening, realistic action to remake American society will probably not be taken. The trick is to make confrontation pay off—as in the style of Saul Alinsky and Cesar Chavez. A single course, involving only a trivial participation in the total life experience of another group, is not an answer. At best it can be a beginning, but at worst, as I learned from my own experience, it can be a setback to any real understanding.

THE LAST TANGO: LE CAMERA STILO

THE SCREEN

In Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Spider's Stratagem,* a film he made about the same time as *The Conformist,* there is a scene in which two men sit at a table talking. Bertolucci cuts back and forth between the men, as is customary whenever dialogue is being used to advance a film's plot. But then suddenly a cut places us in another room where, as I recall, we can scarcely even hear what the two men are saying. At the top of a short flight of stairs, partially framed in a doorway, we can still see one of the men continuing their conversation in the room from which we have come. But between us and them has been interposed a field of light in which, because of the placement of the camera, plaster and wood surfaces take on a whole new pictorial aspect. This shot is extraordinarily beautiful, but perhaps more extraordinary is the way that Bertolucci has allowed it to interrupt his story and thrust his characters into the background. What Bertolucci seems to recognize with this shot, at least for the moment, is the degree to which style always dominates story in his films.

This is not to say that Bertolucci has given no thought to film as a story-telling medium. On the contrary, it is as a narrative filmmaker that he has changed most noticeably from film to film. *Before the Revolution* (1964), his first major feature, is almost incomprehensible as a story, but *The Spider's Stratagem* (1970) has at its core a perfectly coherent plot about a young man's attempts to uncover his father's murderers. Sticking pretty close to the Alberto Moravia novel on which it is based, *The Conformist* moves closer yet to conventional cinematic interpretation of a story. And even the occasional obscurantist flourish to be found in *The Conformist* is absent from Bertolucci's new film, *The Last Tango in Paris,* which is about a young woman's affair with a man whose wife has just committed suicide.

Nevertheless, it is the look of a film, not its story line, for which Bertolucci has the greater feel. In both *The Spider's Stratagem* and *The Conformist,* characterization is almost more apparent from the treatment of light and color than from the incidents that occur. In the former, where Bertolucci is sympathetic to most of the characters, the rooms that the story inhabits are usually illuminated by sunshine, and the colors are light-absorbing, deep and warm. In the latter, where the characters are nearly all villainous, the interiors that we remember most clearly—the office of a Fascist minister, or the cafe in Paris—are illuminated by bright, artificial light that dances over hard, reflective surfaces.

In the apartment in *The Last Tango* where Paul (Marlon Brando) and Jeanne (Maria Schneider) do their love-making, the walls are ocher and umber, and the light is always the amber sunlight of late afternoon. Far more than anything that the characters do or say, it is this waning light, enhanced by the earth colors of the apartment, that makes us believe in the magical sexual power this middle-aged man has over a young girl. We accept their relationship because we feel that it must be, like anything seen in the rare light of an auroral dusk, phenomenal and short-lived.

Bertolucci is not the only person who has worked on the three color films that have gained him prominence. The director of photography, Vittorio Storaro, has also

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been the same. Since "director of photography" is often a misnomer for the job of lighting director, Storaro may well deserve more credit than he is getting for the Bertolucci look. But this is not to say that Bertolucci himself has not earned whatever reputation his films have. And contrarily, if Bertolucci deserves the praise, he is still the one to blame for the limitations of his films as well. All six of the films he has made suggest, like the characters in search of an author, a visual style in search of some adequate scenario. There is such disproportion between the power of his cinematic style and his films' literary or narrative quality that each film comes to seem something of a chimera. They have a certain evanescence that makes watching them a bit like passing through the tail of a comet whose gases turn out to be lighter than air. They finally seem mere apparitions, dazzling displays of technique without commensurate substance—*trompes-l'oeil* that have only a mock subject matter. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

(*First of two parts*)

BOOKS

Count Dracula: a drag in black cloak?

In Search of Dracula: A True History of Dracula and Vampire Legends

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A Dream of Dracula

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RONALD DE FEO

Movie monsters come and go. Oversized gorillas, bats and crabs; great prehistoric reptiles; average-sized birds, bees and rats; assorted beings, things, slime from other planets. In recent years, relatively few have arrived, and they've been rather tired and dreary performers, mere shadows of the lively, convincing creatures that roamed B-pictures of the fifties and sixties. Except perhaps for your modest apes and Bens, animal monsters have pretty much had their day. Perhaps fans grew bored with creatures that, for the most part, were unable to communicate and were so blatantly destructive. What could the poor movie humans hope to do with these blasted things but battle them? What could a viewer hope for in the way of a plot but the predictable creature comes-, fights-, is killed-routine? Human monsters are indeed preferable. They have fared better, and do, in fact, continue to flourish. Of these creatures, Dracula (the vampire in general) has perhaps fared best of all. He and his kind are still the subject of very many of the stylish, period, horror films from England. He is very deceptive, unpredictable and rather classy. He is one of the few movie creatures with whom you can actually sit down and talk. This blood-sucking "undead" being is refreshingly literate. Perhaps it is his literacy, his intelligence, his mental superiority to other creatures of horror that sparked four quite adult, sophisticated, scholarly men, who, one would imagine, had better things to do with their minds and time, to produce full-length books about him.

In Search of Dracula, by two Boston College professors, is the least ridiculous, incoherent and pretentious volume of the lot. After the authors pay brief tribute both to Bram Stoker, the third-rate Irish-born writer who created the fanged count seventy-five years ago, and to the "classic" Dracula movies, inspired by the Stoker novel (a "masterpiece" according to McNally and Florescu), they launch into a lengthy and generally no-nonsense account of the historical Dracula. He was an actual 15th-century Wallachian ruler, Prince Vlad, known affectionately to his subjects as "Vlad Tepes" or "Vlad the Impaler" and as "Dracula," a diminutive of "Dracul" ("devil") meaning "son of the dragon" or "son of the Devil" (his father had a notorious reputation of his own).

The Prince, born in the German town of Schassburg, in Transylvania, in either 1430 or 1431, spent much of his life battling invading armies, notably Turkish forces, and feeding his sadistic appetite. He enjoyed not only impaling (in which a stake was driven *slowly* through the victim's body), but other sorts of exotic cruelty, torture and mutilation. Once when some Turkish envoys refused to remove their turbans in Dracula's presence, the good Prince ordered the turbans nailed to their heads. That was the sort of inventive, unpredictable chap he was, and McNally and Florescu record his other, more disgusting deeds in a similarly deadpan manner, so deadpan, so somber, in fact, that the reader can't help but imagine the two scholars smacking their lips over each anecdote, yet doing everything in their power to prevent their enthusiasm from spilling over into their prose. Perhaps this is an unfair observation, but it was somewhat confirmed by the professors' recent television appearance in which they gleefully discussed the horrible business. But I suppose readers drawn to their books would be terribly disappointed by an absence of gore. They will be disappointed enough to learn that the

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real Dracula was not a vampire at all, but merely a perverse, bloody ruler. Although the book is nicely produced and illustrated and readable enough, it really does tell us more than we care to know about the authentic Dracula (the details of all his campaigns, for example, aren't quite necessary), and its "examination" of vampire literature and films is very superficial, often pointless (as much as such a study could have a point, that is).

Yet the McNally-Florescu book is, as a whole, preferable to and infinitely less irritating than Leonard Wolf's *A Dream of Dracula*, a volume weighed down by the author's determination to impress us with his erudition, sensitivity, hipness and inflated prose style. The book is an odd mixture of the subjective and the objective, of meditation, exploration and investigation focusing on the Dracula theme—the blood-suckers, the living dead, in fiction, in life. Professor Wolf's volume is somewhat reminiscent, in method at least, of Daniel Hoffman's recent book on Poe, shifting constantly as it does from personal moods and observations to straightforward analysis of the subject at hand, and like Hoffman's book it suffers from what might be called programmed quirkiness. Unlike that useful study, however, it fails to stay with any one subject or observation for any length of time. The result then is a profusion of undeveloped ideas and disconnected information. At one point Wolf will attempt to draw a meaningless parallel between Mike Jagger at the Rolling Stones' disastrous Altamont concert and the image of the vampire, at another point he will feature an interview with British horror-film star Christopher Lee, at still another he will tell us how he is haunted by death and record his interviews with some terminally ill cancer patients. The thread joining these and other assorted subjects is so thin that it is, more often than not, invisible. Apparently hoping to give evidence that he is truly a serious person and above all this Dracula nonsense, Wolf fills his book with impressive digressions—a quote from Kierkegaard here, from William James there, Henry Adams here, Thomas Mann there. These brief passages contrast so strikingly with the "low-brow" subject of the book that they seem absurdly out of place. Wolf has annoyingly ambivalent feelings about vampire and horror literature. He realizes that a Gothic horror piece like Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* is a very dated and silly work, yet he admires it. He recognizes Bram Stoker for what he was—an extremely mediocre writer, yet he feels that Stoker was capable of producing a "great book," and he finds in the thin, tedious, quite unstartling *Dracula* not only narrative brilliance but a Christian allegory, and he expounds on "the intricacy of the bonds between blood and sexuality." But let us not forget that Wolf is a serious person. At one point he relates how, before delivering a vampire talk, he stood on a bluff overlooking a student parking lot, enjoying sunlight, peace, and Mozart's *Trout Quintet*. That he chose to record this trivial interlude is bad enough; that Schubert, not Mozart, composed *The Trout Quintet* makes his account doubly embarrassing.

The less said about Raymond Rudorff's *The Dracula Archives* the better. Rudorff, a not terribly talented amateur, has produced an epistolary novel in the Stoker vein, describing the union of the Dracula family with the ancestors of Elizabeth Bathory, the blood countess of the 16th-century. The book, which Professor Wolf, not surprisingly, enjoys, is dull, poorly written and paced, and (no pun intended) lifeless.

What really defeats all three of these books is the seriousness of their authors. The men can't seem to realize or admit that the book and the films that have inspired their own projects are essentially trash—in some cases entertaining trash, but trash nonetheless. Instead of having fun with the stuff, they have attempted to give Dracula and the Dracula works depth, significance, complexity, in essence, have fruitlessly attempted to make trash respectable.

REVIEWERS

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ANNE FREMANTLE's most recent book is *George Eliot* (Haskell Publishers).

GEORGE BRANTL is chairman of the Department of Philosophy and Religion at Montclair State College in New Jersey.

Fenian Fever: An Anglo-American Dilemma

LEON O'BROIN

N.Y.U. Press, $7.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

The funeral in Ireland in November 1861 of Terence Bellew MacManus, one of the 1848 refugees, who died in California, was, Mr. O'Broin says "a turning point in Irish history." The Catholic Archbishop of Dublin had refused to have MacManus' body lie in the pro-Cathedral, nor would he allow his clergy to participate in the rites. So "the remains lay in the theater of the Mechanics Institute" and were visited for a whole week by thousands. There were some 50,000 sworn Fenians in New York at that time, and "perhaps five times that number of sympathisers," while almost "half the soldiers on the Curragh were Fenians."

The Fenian movement seems to have ebbed and flowed constantly. At one moment there were Fenians invading Canada; at another, their leaders were in jail or had become informers. Pierce Nagle, for example, and Millen, two leading Fenians, were bought by the British for minute sums —one for £3 a week. Nor does Mr. O'Broin satisfactorily explain their treason. He cites the poverty of the peasantry, the widespread emigration "caused by misgovernment" and the unrest caused first by the success of the French Revolution, later by the American Civil War as causes of the widespread increase of Fenianism. For though, ultimately, the North won, many Irishmen were fighting the U.S. Civil war, and, after it ended, trans-

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ferred themselves to New York and ultimately to Dublin.

What seems most surprising—in the afterlight of such situations as that of the Panthers in the U.S. or the FLN in the Algerian war—is how light the sentences were on Fenians found with absolute arsenals of weapons. For example, when Stephens was apprehended on 9 November, 1865 in Dublin "four 6-barreled revolvers, capped and loaded" were found, but none of the Fenian leaders, including Stephens (who later spectacularly escaped) was condemned to death. Sometime later the Foreign Secretary, Lord Stanley, wrote to his father, Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, and urged that the two Fenian ringleaders of the invasion of Canada "be spared, so far as their lives are concerned." The Canadians wanted them dead, but "since they are naturally angry are therefore bad judges." On the other hand, for minor offenses, such as shouting "Hurrah for the Irish Republic" soldiers were publicly flogged in front of their comrades. One man, who never winced or moved a muscle under the lash was asked how come? and replied: "Be jabers . . . I had a sixpence between my teeth."

The sympathy with the Fenians shown by the United States caused considerable tensions. The United States had seen the British openly supporting the South in its rebellion, recognizing the Confederate States as a belligerent and permitting privateers for the South, such as the *Alabama*, to be built and fitted out in England. England could therefore hardly wonder that the Fenians found sympathy and assistance in New York. The Catholic vote, too, was beginning to count in the U.S., and the New York politicians were not anxious to alienate it. Though the Catholic Church, in the States as in Ireland, pussyfooted on Irish freedom, the Catholic laity were solidly for Irish liberty.

The New York Fenians were thus more or less officially encouraged, and able to raise large sums: Millen, who soon defected, received a salary of $222 dollars a month—the same as a colonel in the US Army then.

The suspension of habeas corpus in Ireland in 1866 led to wholesale arrests there—669 persons in one month—and resulted in Fenianism becoming "forgotten and apparently extinct, or at least no longer active." But it had the opposite effect in the United States, where it "incited the American Fenians to action." By July, 1867 no one was detained or awaiting trial in Ireland in connection with the Fenian confederacy. All seemed over, all seemed calm. In the United States, the Fenian high command split into bitter factions.

James Stephens had been rescued from Richmond jail in 1861; in September, 1867, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy were rescued when being conveyed in a police van from Manchester Court house to the county jail. While 29 of their rescuers were caught, a policeman had been killed, and on 23rd November three men were publicly hanged in Manchester for the dead policeman. A procession of 30,000 took place in Dublin "wearing green sashes . . . and singing seditious songs" and the number of Fenians doubled. Yet a year later all again was calm.

A curious result of the Fenian agitation was a conviction among "nearly all the Ministers" in the British Cabinet that Canada should become independent. "We should be relieved from a constant source of weakness and danger, and the Canadians would then have nothing to fear from the United States, whose ill-will to Canada arises from a desire to injure us. . . . There is no reason why an independent Canada should not be on equally good terms with both nations." Prophetic words from Lord Kimberley's journal for 1868! And Lord Mayo, asking to be given India for a change, wrote to Disraeli "Ireland is an infernal country to manage . . . the only way to govern is the old plan (which I will never attempt) of taking up violently one faction or the other, putting them like fighting cocks and then backing one. I wish you would send me to India. Ireland is the grave of every reputation."

Mr. O'Broin has written a thoroughly documented, well-written account of a movement small in terms of time and immediate results but that made history and now is part of it.

Shagbark

JOHN PECK

Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95

Fields of Grace

RICHARD EBERHART

Oxford University, $5.95

Body of Earth & Other Poems

JOHN FANDEL

Roth, $2.50

PATRICIA LICKLIDER

John Peck's first volume, *Shagbark*, is as subtly and variously colored as the shagbark tree itself. His subject matter is unusual and personal, yet also surprisingly understandable. The poems bloom moments of insight when the artist catches reality in static surprise: Van Gogh's eye photographs an entire landscape in a single flash of lightning "In a Twinkling of an Eye"; the poet himself is mesmerized by a photograph of a Japanese man and a ladder—generally nothing spectacular, yet caught forever by the word. These elusive moments of poetic insight often occur during the most ordinary activities: leaving a coal cellar, entering a long unusual room full of sunlit dust, even simply returning home in the fine poem "Vestibule." His images, like his best poems, are also sharp and full of wit and as allusively expressed as the poet's vision was brief. In "Afterward" he goes to the scene of a highway accident and sees the chalked outline of the victim's body "Sprawled in sleep" "To be cut out by a child/ With snubnose scissors, and to fly/ Crumpling in the soft wind." Sometimes, when his images are more openly and fully stated, they show their limitations, as, I think, in "A Quarrel."

Whole poems too sometimes suffer from too much rumination, as in "Cider

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and Vesalius," where the reader is working so hard to understand the links between ideas that passion ends up being sacrificed to wit. Lyricism also suffers from too much cerebration. While Peck's voice is often delicately musical, it is sometimes merely dry. So, Peck's chief merit in some poems, his ability to catch the passing, visionary moment in suitably allusive language, is the chief defect of others. This blurring of meaning may be part of Peck's intention, for he speaks in the volume's last poem of "Light spiraling in dregs round the slurred/ Center—the recognized, retreating word." And his best work is clear, though understated. But he sometimes oversteps the delicate line between subtlety and solipsism. This is, my reservations notwithstanding, the most exciting volume of the three.

While Peck may suffer from understatement, Richard Eberhart in his latest volume *Fields of Grace* often says too much. Eberhart does have the clarity and self-assurance that Peck, in his youthful volume, often lacks. But one could wish for a lighter touch here.

Eberhart's subject matter is varied—from the Turkana tribesmen of Kenya to general statements on youth, poetry and death—and, as the title of the volume suggests, unified by Eberhart's optimism. He constantly expresses faith in the world's ability to provide saving insights and the poet's ability to communicate them. "The poet comes with his white heat to save mankind." Consistently his best poems are glimpses of meaning in the natural world, mostly in the unusual and the violent, though more ordinary moments also enlighten, as in "Lenses," the best, I think, in the volume.

More typical, however, of Eberhart's voice is his comment on the swallows who return to nest near his home after a five-year absence: "They presented the spectacle of orderly nature." But "at night there was clamor," and by morning only feathers. "Death/ Is available to birds as to men in all weathers." That commonplace truth was evident in the incident itself. Why restate it? Sometimes explicitness is tempered by a saving sense of humor. But even his wit gets pedagogical, as in "Long Term Suffering": "There will be no examination in Long Term Suffering,/ The course will end as planned." "Save your papers. It may be that years later,/ . . . you would like to look back . . And note how strangely you had to act." Is this what happens to poets-in-residence?

Eberhart's rhythms and rhymes sometimes recall Emily Dickinson, as in the poem bearing her name. He can also write a fine longer line. But my overall impression is of jarring rhythms like this description of the "land of excess" in "Where I Want to Go":

> Where the heightened awareness of truth
> Defeats the negative specialists
> Who run the world, scientific absolutists.

Sometimes too prosaic flatness emphasizes his tendency to overstate: "You live as if God had given you a grant," he says in "The Incredible Splendor of the Magnificent Scene." Certainly Eberhart is right when he says that "no poem can be written without meaning," but this can easily turn into didacticism.

Body of Earth and Other Poems is John Fandel's first volume since 1959, though some of the thirty-odd poems seem to be much earlier productions. Fandel's poetic eye, like Eberhart's, has been tempered by a keen awareness of spiritual truths. Fandel also shows an intimacy with nature, though he sees man not as an intruder in the garden, as Eberhart seems to, but as part of nature's cycle: "Through day and dark, seed and flower, birth/ And death, I passed . . . body of earth." So the bits of the natural world he writes about are familiar, backyard things: insects, birds and flowers.

Fandel, like Eberhart, sometimes makes the moral connections between man and these homely realities much too explicitly. After releasing a bee caught, indoors, for example, he "felt aliveness as a man/ Should. I felt the summer rise in me." A boy capturing fireflies is a metaphor for himself: "a

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man/ Captures whatever light he can." Yet he is not consciously preaching, but only assuring himself of the rightness of the world and of his place in it, as Frost often does.

Fandel's technical skill sometimes creates interesting effects, as in the neat change of rhythm in "Reticence" or the quick, bright rhythm of "Cardinal." Sometimes, when he plays with shapes and sounds, as in "Abecedary for Thomases" where every letter of the alphabet has a word, and in proper order too, he is only annoying. These are less "tours de force" than forced. He often tries a Gerard Manley Hopkins voice, as in "Cavalero" and "Once on a Heyday." This is pleasantly invigorating until carried too far:

> I reared of rock arose
> Where wind rang loud
> So curious their halos pearled
> As dangled diadems, to die
> A christ of loss's crose.

I take technically busy work like Fandel's less seriously than complex thought and metaphor like Peck's. At his best, Fandel uses rhyme and rhythm in a more musical and quiet way, as he does rather successfully in "Espial: In a Garden." Fandel is at his best, then, when his words and images hide their technical complexity and pass for the simplicity of flowers, "as simple as the earth—/ Or complex as the earth." He speaks best in a quiet, reassuring little voice.

Interpreting Modern Philosophy

JAMES COLLINS

Princeton, $14 ($7.50 paperback)

GEORGE BRANTL

"A great philosopher," wrote Karl Jaspers in his own study of the great philosophers, "wants no disciples, but men who are themselves. With all our veneration, we can come closer to them only if we ourselves philosophize." The disciple, accepting the message, goes forth to spread the word, and the past becomes dead and burdensome. To philosophize in the presence of our past, however, is to engage in interpretive dialogue with sources. It is this dialogue which makes James Collins' new book an extraordinarily fruitful reflection on the process of interpretation and a fine example of the process itself.

The relationship between contemporary thinking in philosophy and its historical antecedents is as intimate as it is ambivalent. Rare, indeed, is the philosopher who does philosophy without some day-to-day dialogue with his sources. Still, in their consciousness of a Kantian "turn," contemporary philosophers often tend to suggest that the search for contemporaneity is conditional upon liberation from the burden of the past. We are, however, coming to realize that the burdensome past is the uninterpreted past and that, as James Collins indicates, "our sense of contemporaneity matures in the degree that we all recognize that history of philosophy has made the turn along the new methods and in function of being their still sustaining matrix."

In a sense, Collins' book is modest in purpose. No generalizing grandiose speculations on historical meaning here. "My aim," he writes, "is to illuminate the methodology and epistemology of the history of modern philosophy, by reflecting upon the concrete ways of historians in this field." Reflective reportage from the field—it is a kind of phenomenology of what he is doing when he does history of philosophy. Still, Collins sees that his more limited task bears implications "opening toward our general engagement with the meaning of human history in all its aspects."

Collins sets certain guiding questions: what active role do modern thinkers (1600-1900) exert on the contemporary interpreting process? what are the chief characteristics of the contemporary art of historical questioning? what effects does historical research have on contemporary philosophizing? what contributions does the teaching situation make to historical methodology? what are the various aims of contemporary historical research? In approaching these, Collins defines his task as one of functional reflection, "a critical reflection upon the working materials, tools, and operations which together constitute the standpoint of historians of philosophy."

He states his working hypothesis in this way: "This activity is constituted by the presence and interworking of at least three co-factors of ingrediency. They are: (1) the insistent modern sources themselves; (2) the art of historical questioning; and (3) the interpreting present as developed in its several modes." These factors, he is careful to emphasize, are "co-ingredients in a common activity," for only when interpretation is a dialogical interaction between past and present does the historian of philosophy cease to be the "disciple" and begin to philosophize. Then he focuses on the polarities and processes in the interpretive dialogue in his chapters, each of which is rich in references to the sources and their interpreters. Among the most fruitful is "Kant our Contemporary," where he shares the experience of his many years of teaching at St. Louis University.

Interpreting Modern Philosophy is an important book—indeed, in its own way, a ground-breaking one. For a philosopher doing history, James Collins accomplishes the rare feat of never letting abstract theory overwhelm his reflections on the concrete doing of history. His book is erudite and wise, richly documented and eminently readable. For the philosopher, it is a stimulating incentive to self-reflection; for the historian, an example of the kind of creative dialogue that can occur between the past and the present.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 491)

with their own bias, but this particular misreading is so contrary to the intent of the book that it demands a response. Mr. Lavanoux implied the book considers art "an addition" to church architecture. As an architect, dedicated to improving architectural design and architectural art, this particular misread-

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ing is particularly offensive. One of the most important principles established in the book is the need to select a design (art) oriented architect. The book clearly states, "The principal consideration for the remodeling, redecorating, or building of a religious facility is the selection of a design oriented architect. It is the church building committee's function to find him; it is their most important task. Design ability is not just one criterion in the selection of a church architect; it is the most essential." Too much of the "separate saving account" art encouraged by Mr. Lavanoux ends up being no more than a tag ending art, added after completions, and often does little more than place expensive murals in very poorly designed churches. I believe a design oriented architect that has been part of the planning process will develop art as an integral element in the church's overall design.

In making his point Mr. Lavanoux uses as an example, Hope Presbyterian Church in Creve Coeur, Missouri, which is called "The Banner Church" because of the decorative banners that fill the worship space. Here, he again misses the essential point. As the text states, "The twenty-eight banners were designed by Carl Ritchie, a commercial artist who was a member of the congregation and they were sewn by the women of the church. The designs represent church festivals and the occupations of the church members." This was not "added art" or "savings account art," but a genuine religious expression of the congregation in artistic terms.

Apparently, Mr. Lavanoux can only think of art in churches as something created by professional artists for a fee. At the Banner Church the beautifully decorative banners, created by the members of the church, were a significant expression of the gathered religious community.

One last, and small note of inaccuracy by Mr. Lavanoux: he states most churches in the book are Protestant "with the exception of a well-planned Catholic church in Vettelschoss, Germany." The last chapter of *Tired Dragons* which forecasts new directions in church architecture stresses the cooperative building of new churches. Of the seven major examples in the chapter, three are Catholic. One is St. Francis Chapel in the giant urban complex in Boston's Prudential Center and two are ecumenical structures with Catholics as primary participants, St. Mark's Church and Community Center in Kansas City, and the Inter-Faith Center in the new town of Columbia, Maryland.

EDWIN CHARLES LYNN

Reply

Well, it does happen that a reviewer steps on the toes of a writer and I regret if some of my remarks in my review of Mr. Lynn's book were found to be offensive.

I quite agree that we need, today, design-oriented architects, but they are few indeed. After all I can point to twelve years as a draftsman in the offices of architects designing Catholic churches, in New York and Boston, and many years as editor of the quarterly, *Liturgical Arts*, devoted to "design (art) oriented churches."

While I can appreciate the importance of a congregation's designing and sewing banners, I do believe in art for churches produced by professional artists for a fee. What is wrong with that? Nor does this necessarily need to be expensive. A talented design-oriented architect would have little trouble handling such situations.

I regret not paying too much attention to three examples of Catholic churches in Boston, Kansas City and Columbia, Maryland. But these are really examples of the past and I did not think of them as "adapting church architecture to changing needs."

Will Mr. Lynn take umbrage if I suggest that his architect-designer-critic stance gets in the way of his sense of humor?

MAURICE LAVANOUX

Missile 'Gaps'

Ganado, Ariz.

To the Editors: I find it difficult to accept Ramsdell Gurney's assumption ["Negotiating for Peace," Dec. 15] that government officials "believed" or "assumed" a Russian military superiority in the early stages of the cold war. It seems more logical to me that they knew well enough that "missile gaps," or other "gaps," were basically fiction —assumed for the purpose of leading a gullible American public in the dedesired direction. Much as old-line Southern politicos used to play on the "horrors of race-mixing."

Rep. Ashbrook of Ohio recently sounded off to the effect that wheat sales to Russia and China were immoral, because they help tyrannical rulers to maintain control over their enslaved peoples. Are we to think that he really believes such guff—or is it simply an archaic form of the puerile "Back the home team, boys" mentality? (Puerile in essence, that is; certainly not in its effects.)

J. A. PARTEE

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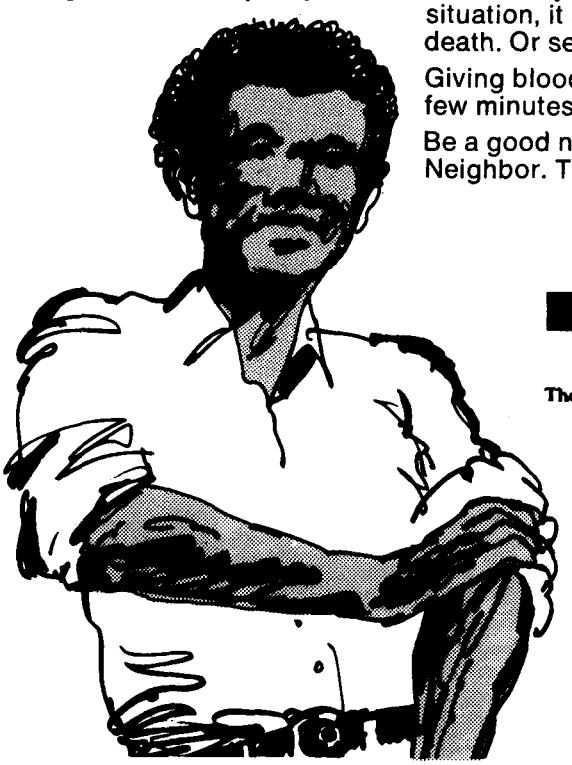

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